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BRADDOCK'S FIELD,

AND OTHER

ORIGINAL POEMS.

BY

HIRAM Kaine.

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PREFACE.

I AM aware that with many I risk the charge of presumption, in presenting to the public the following volume. To such I would say, without, however, acknowledging the justice of the charge, that stern necessity has alone been able to drive me to this alternative, as a means of extricating myself from pecuniary embarrassment which was each day becoming more galling and intolerable. I do not mean to say that the hope of gain has been the governing motive which induced me to "commit the sin of rhyme." Such a course has not usually been found the surest method for the acquisition of lucre. Although "worldly gear" is, at this time, to me, a matter of some importance, I shall be better rewarded if my humble attempts at song shall place one additional jewel in the gem-set coronal of American Literature.

I have said that I would not recognize the justice of that decision which would condemn my efforts as *presumptuous*.—There should be no such word tolerated in the *American* language. I am only acting upon that principle of self-reliance which is said to be a National characteristic, in presenting myself before my countrymen—a candidate for their approval and support.

The contents of the present volume were written during occasional hours of relaxation from labor, and but very few of them were written with a view for their publication in a collected

form. The errors in versification which will, perhaps, be discovered both in the Songs and longer Poems, originate partly from inexperience at the period of their writing, and partly from unwillingness to sacrifice my meaning to the euphony of a line. I mention this for the satisfaction of those who cannot recognise any production as Poetry, which does not measure so many feet to the line—exactly. To more enlightened and liberal critics, I presume this explanation would be unnecessary. To such I submit my work; and while I admit that I look to their decision with some anxiety, I hope I am superior to the baseness of cringing for their favor.

I have not written for popularity in the drawing-rooms of the wealthy. I would rather that my songs were known and sung in the work-shops and homesteads of my native land, than boast the patronage of the inmates of its palaces. It is for the amusement of that class of society to which I myself belong, that I have tuned my rude, unlettered harp.

To my subscribers I tender my heart felt acknowledgments; and if I should be doomed to failure, I will still cherish the most lasting sense of gratitude for their kindness and generosity.

INVOCATION.

HARP OF THE WEST! awake thy music now,
And let thy notes in Native numbers flow!
No bard with Learning's laurel on his brow
Now craves the magic of thy spell to know:
With hand untaught to strike the speaking chords,
I grasp thee trembling at the daring deed,
To bid thee sing in burning, breathing words,
The lays that win a POET's deathless mead.

Teach me to tell, in warm, impassion'd song,
The anxious thoughts that fill a lover's heart:
To bid for Innocence, low crushed by Wrong,
The pearly tear of Sympathy to start;
How Grief, with Scorpion's fang, the breast,
Will un pitying and unsparing tear,
Of him, who with his load of life o'erprest,
Writhes a poor victim of cold, stern Despair!

How Hope, with Heavenly and fadeless light,
 Our bosoms with enrapturing pleasure fills,
 And with its beam illumines the blackest night
 That ere was darken'd by a mortal's ills;
 And how the warrior on the reeking plain,
 With glory flashing from his dying eye,
 Forgets poor Nature's feebleness and pain,
 To give one last, faint cheer—and sternly die.

And lastly, oh my Country's Harp! I ask
 For power to rouse the Freeman's chainless soul,
 To tire not of his freedom's ceaseless task,
 But ever spurn at Tyranny's control.
 Oh never may my country want a bard,
 Who'l string thee for her honor'd fame and praise,
 But ever be thy tuneful numbers heard
 In warbling forth her sweet, wild forest lays.

BRADDOCK'S FIELD.

AND this lone spot is storied earth!
I stand on Braddock's battle field,
Where crimson torrents once gush'd forth,
And savage war-hoop fiercely pealed—
But all is still and peaceful now,
From river to the green hill's brow.

The sultry sun's declining ray
Is gilding bright the glowing west,
And soon the burning lord of day
Shall sink in golden clouds to rest,
Leaving the misty twilight gloom,
To wrap the fallen Britons' tomb.

Methinks it were short Fancy's flight,
To deem that when "the witching hour"
Had toll'd the climax of the night,
The slaughtered ranks of England's power
Will seek the place where long ago,
They fell 'neath hatchet's riving blow.

How changed is now the forest scene,
 Since when proud Braddock's legions trod
 This very ground which since has been
 A butcher'd army's burial sod!
 In all the "pride of war" they came,
 Each bosom lit with valor's flame.

With careless laugh, and merry jest,
 The soldier cheered his toilsome way,
 As through the pathless wilderness,
 He sought his foe in border fray—
 'Till short the space between him lies,
 And where Du Quesne's tall ramparts rise.

Already had their haughty chief,
 In fancy scaled her bulwarks high,
 And saw with Hope, as false as brief,
 Old England's banner o'er it fly,
 When, flushed with conquest, home again
 He'd cross with laurel'd brow the main.

But short that leader's glory-dream,
 And false its bright illusion shown!
 'Twas broke by rifle's lightning gleam,
 And wounded soldier's dying groan,
 As deaf'ning rose the Indian yell,
 And thick the iron tempest fell.

Quick, blazing fierce along the line,
 The ambushed foemen's volleys broke,
 While darkly peering faces shine,
 From ev'ry thicket, bush and oak;
 The smoke in heavy volumes rose,
 Wrapping the forms of friends and foes.

But not the combat's din could drown
 The leader's voice of stern command;
 Unmoved by danger, urging on
 The remnant of his frightened band;
 And spoke with loud and cheering tone,
 High heard above the shout and groan.

"Stand, children of the sea-girt isle!
 Stand for the honor of your name,
 Nor yield to murd'rous savage wile,
 The boasted glory of your fame!
 Charge, once again!—and curse the slave
 Who flees, his craven life to save.

Re-nerved his well known voice to hear,
 Each soldier turned him to the strife,
 And giving back his hearty cheer,
 Prepared to strike once more for life.
 And loud their vaunting shout arose,
 Defiance hurling at their foes.

But see! confusion once again
 Has seized the weary Britons now!
 Why flies the soldier down the glen,
 As from the hound the hunted roe?
 Low, gasping now their chieftain lies,
 And terror through his legions flies!

Then bursting wild as fiend from hell,
 The painted warrior leaves his lair,
 And bounding through the 'cumber'd dell,
 Bids Mercy weep in wild despair—
 The groaning wounded shrink in fear,
 His ringing triumph cry to hear.

Oh for the Tragic Muse to tell
 The horrors of that narrow glen!
 As crushing blows in fury fell
 On helpless, unresisting men—
 The shrieking, frenzied prayer for life,
 Of wretches 'neath the murd'rous knife.

But still some manly arm is left,
 To shield the flying scatter'd band;
 Nor yet of ev'ry hope bereft,
 Some still may reach their father land,
 For quailed the victor foe to hear
 The forest Rangers' dauntless cheer.

With front as iron rampart firm,
 They met the foeman's onward shock,
 And turned the tide of battle back
 As surges from the sturdy rock;
 While still with slow retreating pace,
 The morning's showy march they trace.

Who could have seen this peaceful field,
 When first the cloud of battle rose,
 Would sure have gazed upon a scene
 At which the life blood might have froze—
 Such as but seldom met the gaze,
 Of men, e'en of those border days.

There Europe's wounded vet'ran lay,
 With short, half-stifled dying groan,
 Beside, the sullen Ranger writhed,
 Too stern to yield an anguish moan;
 While there the bleeding Savage sate,
 Exultant o'er their bloody fate.

And when the shades of ev'ning fell,
 Where conqueror and conquer'd lay,
 From out the darken'd, gloomy wilds
 The hungry wolf soon sought his prey—
 To banquet on the great and brave,
 Ere yet the turf should yield a grave.

With martial pomp they sought the west,
 To light with war its solemn gloom—
 The splendour of their fame o'ercast,
 They won no conquest but a tomb—
 Nor friends or kindred ever gave,
 One tear to wet their lonely grave.

A DREAM.

THE light of the sun from the sky had flown,
 And stars from the spangled azure shone;
 The silence of night, with its sombre shade,
 Was brooding o'er hamlet, river and glade.
 Wearied, I strove to bury in sleep,
 Thoughts, which from others I fain would keep;
 But long awake and restless I lay,
 Ere my senses yielded to slumber's sway.
 At length by Nature and care o'erprest,
 I sank to sleep, but not to rest;
 For came as a wizzard's direful spell,
 Visions of Death and the power of Hell.

* * * * *

Methought I stood in a vasty hall,
 Where darkness enshrouded each lofty wall,
 A sickly light from a single lamp,
 Illumin'd the noisome place of damp.
 There was stillness—like that of the senseless dead,
 When the spirit of breathing Life has fled.
 I have said that a lamp threw its fitful glare,
 On murky mists of the loathsome air;
 From a viewless dome by a chain it hung;
 Backwards and forwards it slowly swung,
 As it shed its gleams through the gloomy hall,
 Else all were dark as a funeral pall.

But suddenly came a vivid gleam,
 Through the cavern's depths I saw it stream.
 Then came a being—the ghastly glare
 Of his blazing eye showed hell was there.
 Around him were strewn the rotting dead,
 Where the earth-worm reared its hideous head.
 So I knew that the goblin grim was DEATH,
 As cold on my brow came his icy breath.
 My heart grew sick—while a thrilling pang
 Stole through my frame as the monster sang:—

SONG OF DEATH.

I ride, I ride on the poison'd blast,
 I strike the boldest with fear aghast,
 For a mighty one am I;
 And I love to hear the anguish moan,
 Of him whose spirit hath almost flown,
 And catch the music of suff'ring's tone,
 Ere I yield the boon—to die!

'Tis vain, oh vain to deride my power!
 Or yet from my dart to flee and cower—
 For who can escape from me!
 I go where ere mortal's foot hath trod,
 To do the will of the Mighty God;
 O'er all this earth so fair and broad
 I march, a conqueror free.

The soldier boasts of his deeds of blood,
But I by his side in battle stood,

And did the red work for him:
But I will come on him yet, I ween,
With his glit'ring stars, and laurels green;
And clouded shall be his glory's sheen,
As his eye grows dull and dim.

I strike the sailor on Ocean's wave,
I hurl the king to his gloomy grave,
And still all the infant's glee,
The mother all smiling in joyous pride,
The manly groom and the beauteous bride,
The old and the young—all side by side—
These, these are but prey for me!

He ceased—and all was darkness and gloom,
As the shadow of Death on a living tomb.
The lamp went out, and no struggling light,
Revealed the scene to a mortal's sight.
But suddenly came an eldritch yell,
As ringing from out the depths of hell,
My ears were filled with terrible cries
As of fallen Angel's agonies;
Then quick through the sable mists there came,
A broad, red sheet of fire and flame.
The blood at my heart ran stiff and cold,
As I saw the Tempter, of legends old.

He glared on me with a hellish smile,
 That spoke his heart of bitterest guile.
 Then came a frown on his shaggy brow,
 (I fancy I see that frown 'een now!)
 As burst from his lips in hideous tone,
 The song whose chorus is Misery's groan:

SONG OF THE FIEND.

Once Heaven owned but one so high,
 Or strong in Wisdom's might as I:
 But fallen now—
 Before the weakest Angel's arm,
 Is useless ev'ry cunning charm
 A fiend may know.

A thousand thousand years have fled,
 Since on my proud, devoted head
 God's vengeance fell,
 And rolling in a sea of flame,
 I've borne the lash of woe and shame
 In deepest Hell.

'Mid clanking chains and hissing fires,
 Where all save fierce Despair expires,
 My lot hath been;
 And all the horrors of that fate,
 Commingling wrath, and strength, and hate,
 No eye hath seen.

But still unyielding is the heart,
 That dared High Heaven's vengeful dart,
 Defying still;
 I scoff at hopes of mercy now,
 And never shall my spirit bow
 Its iron will.

He ceased, but long through the echoes round,
 I heard the hateful screams resound.
 Then terror and madness seized my brain,
 While round my heart came a burning chain,
 And scorç'd its way to its inmost cell,
 With a pang that none save fiends may tell.
 And THEN the terrible spell was broke,
 And trembling with horror I awoke.



ODE TO THE GENIUS OF LIBERTY.

Though lightnings rive the stalwart oak,
 That tow'ring flouts the sky,
 And scathless dares the tempest's shock,
 As fierce it hurtles by—
 Though Time may crumble gorgeous piles
 Uprear'd by kingly power—
 Thou, LIBERTY, mayst scoff at ALL,
 Eternity 's thy dower!

Though Empires from their airy height,
 May totter and decline—
 Though Fate may crush the worshipper
 At mad Ambition's shrine—
 Thou, thou may'st smile upon the wreck
 Of grandeur and of Fame,
 Amid the lapse of fleeting years,
 Unchanging—still the same.

When first Creation's dawn had broke,
 Upon the vacant earth,
 Jehovah from High Heaven spoke
 The mandate for thy birth.
 The joyous winds on fleeting wing,
 Went bounding o'er the plain,
 And in their own wild freedom then,
 Re-echoed it again.

When o'er the "waste and warring world,"
 Destruction's footstep trod,
 Thy hand amid its strife unfurled,
 The standard of thy God,
 And as the troubled waves bowed down
 When Christ controll'd the sea,
 The Tyrant's cruel arm was stayed,
 The captive one set free.

'Mid thunders of the battle field,
 Where flowed the patriot's blood,

By banner torn, and broken shield
 Thy glorious form hath stood.
 Thy spirit nerved the daring hearts
 Of WASHINGTON and TELL,
 Exultant that wher'ere they struck,
 A tyrant's minion fell.

Thou stood upon the fatal mound
 Of storied Bunker Hill,
 And shouted in thy spirit's joy,
 By Eutaw's bloody rill.
 On Monmouth's plain, and York-Town's walls,
 Was heard thy battle-cry,
 As in the light of glory's beam,
 You saw your standard fly.

And on old Camden's famous field,
 Where grey-haired De Kalb fell,
 Thou weapest while stern Hist'ry's Muse,
 Its mournful stories tell.
 And for the hapless WARREN's fate,
 And brave and gifted HALE,
 Thou wrap'st thy stars in sorrow's pall,
 To hear their luckless tale.

The servile slave of Party zeal,
 May hurl his venom'd shaft,
 The tyrant's arms may threat—in vain
 The Priest exhaust his craft.

Around thy brow will glisten still
 The coronal Divine,
 The sign of Heaven's approving smile,
 Upon thy sacred shrine.

Long as the earth her orbit holds,
 Obeying God's control,
 Long as yon spheres of living light,
 Through yon blue vault shall roll—
 Oh LIBERTY, thy favor'd home,
 Still make my native land,
 And with a weapon for thy cause,
 Arm ev'ry freeman's hand.



THE OLD MENDICANT.

"I've seen sae many changefu' years,
 On earth I am a stranger grown,
 I wander in the ways of men,
 Alike unknowing and unknown."
Burns.

Cold blows the wind from off the hill,
 And whistles bleakly o'er the plain,
 While snow-drifts clothe the dreary fields
 Where lately stood the waving grain.

The trees their giant branches toss
 In anger to the fitful blast,
 And on the scowling winter sky
 Dark threat'ning clouds are gath'ring fast.

And hush'd the streamlet's murmuring voice,
 In icy fetters closely bound,
 While on its shelving frozen banks,
 No thoughtless urchins laugh around.
 But calm and cold, and cheerless still,
 No sound, save such as breezes make,
 Is echoing o'er the plain and hill,
 The silence of the night to break.

The moon, with pale, unsteady beam,
 Half covered by a passing cloud,
 Looks out from Heaven's changing brow,
 Unguarded by her starry crowd.
 No flowret rears its modest head,
 Amid a sea of waving green,
 No trace of Autumn's pageantry,
 Is on the mid-night landscape seen.

I gaze upon the wintry waste.
 Its bitter, freezing cold I bear,
 An aged, friendless, childless man,
 Bowed down with weary grief and care,

How like the summer's glorious garb,
 Were all the joys that once were mine!
 But not like hers will mine return,
 When genial suns shall warmly shine.

'Tis many long and cheerless years,
 Since by yon streamlet's silver tide,
 I roamed in all a lover's hopes,
 With her, my young heart's chosen bride.
 Her skin was as yon snow-drift fair,
 Her eye so softly, mildly blue,
 Its glances spoke at ev'ry look,
 A heart as angel's promise true.

And children with their merry tones,
 I've seen around my happy hearth,
 And felt a father's joyous pride
 In all their gay and guileless mirth.
 I've thought how when old age should come,
 To break the strength of manhood's arm,
 Their filial love and grateful care,
 Would shield my thin grey hairs from harm.

Vain, vain, alas! each brilliant hope,
 That lit the future's vision'd bowers!
 No wife or children now for me
 Can cheer the slowly passing hours;

Where yonder Church-yard's snow-clad graves,
 Are swept by winter's moaning blast,
 Repose, unconscious of my woe,
 Of all I've loved—the first, the last.

And she who won my youthful love,
 My angel, unforgotten wife,
 Has long since left my aching heart
 To struggle on with lengthen'd life.
 Oh often while I wander thus,
 Towards the mid-night winter sky
 In search of her sweet seraph form,
 I turn my dim and straining eye.

Five heaps of frozen, mould'ring earth,—
 All side by side the hillocks lie—
 Contain within their narrow cells,
 The loved ones I have seen to die.
 And now, like yon bare, barren hill,
 Of all my summer glories shorn,
 Bereft of all could charm a life
 An aged mendicant I mourn.

TECUMSEH.

There are countless musty volumes
 To tell of old renown:
 How warriors on some hard-fought field,
 Have won the Hero crown—
 How Poets' harps have charm'd the world,
 With burst of sweetest song,
 And with their music, strong and wild,
 Swept hearts, in chains, along.

No storied page—no Poet's song,
 May tell of Indian fame,
 No legends of departed might,
 Throw romance o'er the name—
 No splendid light of by-gone years,
 Like classic "golden age,"
 No maxims rule their wayward race,
 The relique's of a Sage.

But yet, though night forever wrap
 Their strange and fateful tale,
 There's glory still on tawny brows,
 That time can never pale,
 Where dwells the race of such renown,
 So careless of its fame—
 That would not wish to claim its own
 TECUMSEH's warlike name?

And where the warrior's honor'd head—
 Where sleeps he now in Death,
 Whose glory could not borrow light
 From this wild Indian's wreath?
 It was not his to lead the ranks
 Of vet'rans trained to war,
 And when the struggle's stake was won,
 He fill'd no triumph car.

He led the rude, red forest-men,
 To fierce, unsparing strife,
 And met the sword and bayonet
 With border axe and knife.
 'The cannon's roar and musket's crash
 That waked each vale and hill,
 He answered with his war-hoop shout,
 So startling, loud and shrill.

In doubtful fight he led his bands,
 Against our starry flag,
 And pealed his fierce defiance out
 From mead and mountain crag.
 To war-drum's roll, and trumpet's peal,
 And banners brightly glancing,
 Opposed he brave, though savage hearts,
 And war plumes gayly dancing.

But all in vain, his daring chiefs
 Died fighting on the field,

In vain the wounded warrior scorned,
 For hope of life to yield.
 Low fallen, in the battle shock,
 Hath sunk the manly brave,
 And not a being lives to point
 'The haughty Chieftain's grave.

His glory—aye, 'twas all his own,
 May serve to warn the world,
 How vain the triumph shout, that hails
 The conqueror's flag unfurled.
 If this unletter'd savage made
 Himself so great a name,
 How empty is your hero's boast,
 How hollow all his fame.



MONEY.

All mighty Gold! I would thy power were mine,
 For mightier thou than justice, law or truth!
 I'd seek no other means to sway mankind,
 From hoary age e'en down to beardless youth.
 I'd ask no other cause-way to the sky,
 Than thou could'st for my trusting footsteps make,
 For thou cans't place me far above the fry,
 Who sin, poor devils, for their sweet lives' sake.

Sin, said I? Nay, that were a foolish word!

For crime it is, of all unequalled shame,
To be of that low, swinish plebian herd,

Who've not thy gloss to gild a rascal's name;
For what though Honor weeps her code outraged,
Religion mourns her holy laws profaned;
By thee their grief is speedily assuaged,
And out each blot that has their 'scutcheon stained.

Though maiden innocence and virgin truth,
Should wither in thy cruel, ruthless hand,
Though thou shouldst breathe thy baleful poison breath
O'er all that's great or noble in the land—
What matter? since thy coffers quickly yield,
Excuse for all the injuries ye do,
And with thy guilt protecting Eegis shield,
The villain from the shame that is his due.

'Thou art a friend of wondrous might, oh Gold!
To plaster o'er each vice our natures have,
To wat'ry brains, or talent dull and cold,
Thou art a certain and most pleasant salve.
When set upon the nose, thou art a glass,
Of such a strange, and all unrival'd power,
That faults as virtues will before us pass
As suits the fancy of the fleeting hour.

How many for thy blessings ceaseless strive?
How few succeed in the alluring race?

The knave and fool may ever hope to thrive,
 The noble often turn them from the chase;
 'Tis false the tale, that Fortune's Queen is blind,
 And casts her smiles on favorites unseen;
 Full well she knows to whom her hand is kind,
 Her chosen children are the base and mean.

The Churchman finds, when thou hast touch'd his palms,
 His piety with rapid pace increase,
 Nor feels those inconvenient conscience qualms,
 To break his quiet, and disturb his peace;
 And much he feels his righteousness expand,
 When full his pockets with thy presence swell—
 He smites the world with much more lenient hand,
 And damns not half so many souls to hell.

The Poet—seldom the poor Child of Song,
 May feel the magic of thy warm embrace—
 Would strike his lyre with rapture twice as strong,
 And turn his rhymes with twice the witching grace.
 But never hope, poor bard; although were thine,
 The proudest genius Heaven ever gave,
 Bereft of gold, in sorrow may'st thou pine
 Until thy sadness yields thee to the grave!

The Lover, too, may find in thee an aid,
 All powerful to win his envied prize,
 For to the fancy of a wife or maid,
 Thy virtues far exceed all vows and sighs.

Without thee, he who hopes to make his own,
 Some smiling angel—pictur'd in each dream,
 Must mourn his hopes in bitter anguish flown,
 For thou, o'er woman's heart art all supreme.

But yet, I've oft heard old wise men say,
 There yet should come a bright and happy time,
 When thou, no longer shalt bear iron sway,
 O'er ev'ry rank, in ev'ry land and clime:
 When Mind, with mild, and ever-lustrous reign,
 Presiding o'er the destinies of life,
 Shall make the cunning of thy glitter vain,
 And crush thee without effort—without strife.

Oh Heaven, in thy parent mercy, haste!
 To bring that wished-for era soon around,
 When seen no more, (what has our race disgraced)
 Soul-gifted man in golden shackles bound—
 When heard no more the plaintive cry of Want,
 Men rise from chains of sordid bondage free,
 And while their songs of liberty they chaunt,
 They, at thy shrine, will bend the willing knee.

FALL OF BYZANTIUM.

“I’ve read in some old wond’rous tale,”
 A legend of olden time,
 When fiery Moslems first came forth,
 From Asia’s sultry clime.

’Twas full three hundred years ago,
 When with banner, lance and drum,
 They came, a barbarous horde were they,
 Before Byzantium.

Within the city’s walls ’tis said,
 Dwelt a Christian Captain brave,
 Who ev’ry night a sentry stood,
 By an ancient monarch’s grave.

And by the tomb a secret path,
 Led down to the water’s side,
 And Venski, such his name, kept watch,
 ’Tween the grave and rolling tide.

There were strange tales of horror told,
 How awful sights had been,
 Of unearthly forms, around the grave,
 By belated trav’lers seen.

For many nights old Venski watched,
 But no sound as yet he heard,
 Save the city's hum, the murmuring sea,
 And scream of the dull night bird.

At length, one night, a stranger came,
 He came with a noiseless tread,
 A halo, like as in Saints appear,
 Was playing around his head.

The stranger was in the quaint costume,
 Of the Grecian's proudest age,
 And lines were on his lofty brow,
 To mark the seer and the sage..

His face was pale as the drifted snow,
 His hair was as dark as night,
 His height was greater than man's might be,
 And his eye burnt wildly bright.

He heeded not to the Sentry's threat,
 To stay his steps or die,
 But said, in a voice that struck the ear
 Like a spirit's parting sigh.

"I once was monarch of Greece," he said,
 The Greece that used to be;
 Not bound with Luxury's gilded chain,
 But virtuous, brave, and free.

“Time was when but to be a Greek,
 Was to be born to fame—
 But now the Greek’s a cringing slave,
 A bye-word base for shame.

“But enough of this—you watch in vain,
 Through the night’s dark, misty gloom—
 For, soldier, not the power of earth
 Can change yon city’s doom.

“Ere sun shall rise and set once more,
 And another day go by,
 Your Empire shall have past away—
 Your monarch low shall lie.

“Your children to the Infidel
 The slavish knee shall bend,
 Nor daring hearts, nor stalwart arms,
 Your country shall defend.

“The cross will yield to a scarlet flag,
 With a strange device thereon,
 And not a vestige left to tell,
 A kingdom’s might hath gone.”

The stranger ceased—his lofty form
 Had vanished from the sight;
 The soldier heard no step to break
 The stillness of the night.

Venski tarried till the morning came,
 Then strode to his master's throne,
 And bid him despair—he might not call
 His kingdom now his own.

And while he was telling his solemn tale
 In the monarch's frightened ear,
 They heard the roar of the fierce assault,
 And the foeman's taunting cheer.

The soldier hied to the battlements,
 And there by his master's side,
 Determined to do as best he might,
 Let good or ill betide.

But long before the sun's decline,
 Low lay old Venski's crest,
 And the turban'd horsemen proudly stamp'd
 The fallen monarch's breast.

THE DEATH OF BURNS.

Low, on his couch the bard reclined,
 When wan disease his frame had worn,
 And slowly beat the manly heart
 Whose doom had been to ache and mourn.
 His face with longing, wistful gaze,
 Turned fondly to his weeping Jean,
 And love, with fire still bright and warm,
 Was burning in his dying een.

The moments flew with stayless haste,
 That held the Poet's soul to earth,
 With fleeter step than ere before,
 When borne on wings of heedless mirth.
 Too well he knew pale Terror's King
 Was wrestling with his feeble frame,
 To rob him of all else beside
 The splendour of his deathless name.

As coursed the slowly stiff'ning blood,
 Towards his weary throbbing heart,
 He caught fond Love's despairing glance,
 And saw the tear of friendship start.
 Then full and warm his feelings gushed,
 In sad and plaintive parting strain,
 Ere yet his harp, in silence hushed,
 Ne'er more should burst in song again.

While rose, the last sad minstrelsy,
 As on the ear its cadence fell,
 Each listener felt a mournful pride,
 Within his bosom's inmost cell.

They thought how he, now dying there,
 Had been his country's proudest name,
 Then blushed to know his wants proclaimed,
 He, too, had been his country's shame.

No princely pride, or pomp of state,
 Was blazing round the Poet's bed,
 No pall of gorgeous wealth to wrap
 The clay of the illustrious dead.
 But there was that which regal pomp,
 In all its might would fail to buy,
 A fond and faithful woman's heart,
 With love's pure tear drop in her eye.

Now farewell, BURNS! the marble pile,
 That rears its front above thy head,
 To tell sweet Poesy's pilgrim where
 Now sleeps old Scotia's proudest dead,
 Shall crumble into shapeless dust,
 The victim of earth's sure decay,
 Ere yet the warblings of thy song,
 From Time's long echoes pass away.

NAPOLEON IN MOSCOW.

Beneath the Kremlin's lofty towers,
 The haughty monarch stands,
 The leader of a valliant host,
 And lord of many lands.
 High o'er his head the eddying flames,
 Roll'd upward to the sky,
 While loud through Moscow's streets resounds,
 His warrior's battle-cry.

The Russian left his native hearth,
 The temples of his God,
 For on each consecrated spot,
 A hostile stranger trod.
 And fallen all his grandeur then,
 Profaned his holiest things,
 While o'er his waste and burning home,
 The cannon's thunder rings.

Oh stay thee, daring Frenchman, now!
 Oh! curb thy high career,
 And let the heart to caution list,
 That never deign'd to fear!
 The icy breath of Northern gales,
 Shall chill thy gallant host,
 Unaided by their bayonets,
 Thy diadem is lost!

What boots it that their hearts are brave,
 As on Marengo's day?
 What though thy flag is hailed with joy,
 By youth and vet'ran gray?
 When touched by the unsparing frost,
 Each brawny limb shall fail,
 And fall 'neath Cossac lance and blade,
 And ghastly grow and pale.

Too late, alas! the warning came,
 To Fortune's fav'rite child—
 Already comes the hurtling storm,
 In moanings deep and wild!
 And lofty plumes and gleaming helmets,
 And banners waving high,
 And cavalry and infantry,
 Sink 'neath the scowling sky.

Hark! on they come! the Cossac horde,
 In dense, unbroken file!
 They rend the air with triumph shout,
 And taunt and curse, the while!
 Oh that the suff'ring Frenchmen now
 Could feel his former might!
 Oh for the stalwart arms that won,
 At Austerlitz, the fight!

Back! back would shrink the cringing slaves,
 Who murder'd freezing men,

And still'd their savage battle-cry,
 Ne'er more to rise again.
 But vain was now Napoleon's skill,
 And useless courage there,
 Where great and brave, all helpless fell,
 Before the biting air.

Oh eyes shall weep in sunny France,
 For brother, lover, son,
 Who fell amid that dreary march,
 Unscathed by sword or gun—
 The Russian soil hath fertile grown,
 With corpses of the brave,
 Who heedless sleep beneath the storms,
 That rattle o'er their grave.

There let them rest—those daring men,
 From whose bright glories glance
 Each living ray that pencils out,
 The splendid fame of France.
 But never more before their charge
 Shall Europe's armies reel,
 No more shall quail the trembling foe,
 Before their bristling steel.

NAPOLEON! Child of Destiny!
 Sleep on thy glorious sleep,
 While patriots round thy coffin kneel,
 And grey-haired soldiers weep.

Dear shall thy name and glory be,
 In thy own land of the vine,
 And round thy brow the native bard,
 The laurel wreath shall twine.



THE NORTH STAR.

Star of the never failing light!
 Decking the gem-set brow of night!
 How many ages long have flown,
 Since first thy fadeless lustre shown!
 How long hath rolled Time's crushing car
 Beneath thy sweet light, peaceful star!

When Chaos kept the germ of earth,
 Nor yet had given Nature birth,
 Ere Centuries began their tread,
 Or to the past an hour had sped,
 Thy beaming light shot from the sky
 With lustre that shall never die!

The Seaman, on the raging wave,
 Whose lot is oft its strength to brave,
 When wearied with his dang'rous toil,
 And surfs in angry tempests boil,

Oft turns to thee with gladden'd eye,
Thou brightest of the azure sky!

The wanderer o'er deserts wild,
Dark Superstition's fated child,
When the red sun shall sink to rest,
And twilight gloom enshroud the west,
Watches, with eager straining gaze,
To catch thy beam mid' ev'ning's haze.

The Indian, on his forest path,
Poor victim of the Christian's wrath,
Exhausted in some savage fray,
When darkness wraps his green-wood way,
Now shifts his thoughts from blood and war,
To hail yon glim'ring pensive star.

But more, thou art the symbol true
To sons of men. Gentile and Jew,
Of HIM who from his star-lit throne,
Surveys creation all His own—
To ev'ry spot by mortal trod,
Revealing a true type of God.

THE TROUBADOUR,

'Twas in the land of Palestine,
 A long, long time ago,
 A Troubadour was cloven down,
 Before the Paynim foe.
 His Harp fell down beside him,
 His lance broke in his hand,
 And from his side the rich red blood
 Gush'd out upon the sand;
 And while the tide was ebbing fast
 Upon the trodden plain,
 He sang to an old melody,
 His last, and sadden'd strain.

Farewell to thee, Harp! Life's thread is now broken,
 And riven the chain that hath bound thee to me;
 My eye is now dimming, the sorrowful token,
 That I must resign my fond hold upon thee:

Oft has thy music, in tones of deep feeling,
 Swept over my spirits, as sweet as the gale
 From Southern lands; when the vesper is pealing
 From many a chapel in hamlet and vale.

When storms of misfortune had chill'd all my gladness,
 Has thy melody stolen my senses from pain,

And won my dark thoughts from their mystical sadness,
By the notes which will cheer my heart never again.

My helmet is cleft, and my lance lies unheeded,
By my side as I wearily breathe out my life—
The sword which the right, ne'er vainly hath needed,
Shall mingle no more in the tourney or strife!

Farewell to thee, Harp! when in some stranger's hand,
Who'll awaken thy voice with more than my skill,
Oh! peal out some strain of my own native land,
Whose music no longer my bosom will thrill!

THE GRAVE OF CATFISH.

(The tomb of this Chief, so famous in local traditions, may still be seen in the grave-yard at Washington, Pa., marked by a large, unhewn stone.)

A fitting monument was that,
 For one so proud and stern—
 More striking than a marble bust,
 Or consecrated urn!

Unbending as that massive rock,
 You braved the battle-storm,
 And reared amidst its fiercest shock,
 Thy dark, majestic form.

Thou need'st not fear the pale-face race,
 Who slumber by thy side,
 They cannot tear the home from thee,
 Which living they denied.

The unletter'd stone above thy head,
 Is not more still than they,
 The marble not more motionless
 That tells us where they lay.

The rank green grass is twining,
 Its wreath above thy head,
 As it ever richly twineth
 Round dwellings of the dead.

Oh does thy spirit ever come,
 To gaze upon this mound,
 And tread upon the springing grass,
 Above the hallowed ground?

Dost ever wander o'er the hills,
 Where once thy tribe did roam,
 And curse the race who on their graves,
 Have built themselves a home.

Thou hearest not, dark Chieftain—
 Thy funeral song is sung,
 The emblems of thy power have flown,
 Thy last war-whoop hath rung.

But yet thy name, by kindred ghosts,
 Is heard by yonder rill,
 As comes its murmur'ing midnight chime,
 In echoes from the hill.

SERENADE,

Oh Lady! dear Lady! wilt thou be mine—
 Only mine, in this life's dark round!
 Oh! say thou'lt love me, for closely my heart
 To thee, dearest lady, is bound!
 Thou art fair as the beauty of even,
 In famous Italia's clime,
 Thy breath is as sweet as the breezes,
 That blow o'er the fields of the lime.

In the bow'rs of my own native valley,
 Oh! forever shall be thy home!
 From scenes lit by Memory, never
 We'd seek o'er the cold world to roam:
 The flowers that are brightest and sweetest,
 I'll gather to circle thy brow,
 While the blood to thy forehead will mantle,
 As I whisper my love's fond vow.

Then say thou'lt be mine, dearest lady,
 Oh speak but that hope giving word,
 For thou art to my heart as the refuge,
 Which shelter'd the wing-weary bird!
 As the wandering dove from the desert.
 Outspread by the Heaven sent wave,
 It comes from the desert of life, lady,
 And asks thee to welcome and save.

SONG.

Far o'er yon hills, a maiden lives,
 Where sweet the flowrets bloom,
 And wild bird's song, is swept along,
 On gales that breathe perfume.
 But oh! the scent of Nature's sweets,
 Or feathered minstrel's tone,
 Can ne'er repay, when thou'rt away,
 “My beautiful—my own!”

So kind, so fair, so dear to me,
 So cherished by this heart,
 That each bright beam on life's cold stream
 With thee, love, must depart.
 Thy smile is ever kind to me,
 I'm weary when its flown;
 May Heaven's arm defend from harm
 “My beautiful—my own!”

The chesnut hair that curls above
 Thy smooth and snowy brow,
 The dimpled cheek where blushes speak,
 At each impassion'd vow—
 The form so full of witching grace,
 Thy voice's silv'ry tone;
 Full well they prove thy soul is love,
 “My beautiful—my own!”

I know no hoarded wealth is mine,
 No glit'ring gems of earth,
 The sad'ned doom of poortith gloom,
 O'er shades my humble hearth—
 But oh were mine all countless hoards
 Of pearl and precious stone,
 With heartsome glee, I'd come to thee,
 "My beautiful—my own!"



THE CIRCASSIAN.

The Sultan's standard waves above,
 My prison's massive walls,
 And silence drear now reigns within,
 The Harem's gorgeous halls.
 But yet my truant thoughts will rove
 To those I love the best,
 And longings for my distant home,
 Still linger in my breast.

The sweet moon-light is beaming bright,
 Upon my native hill,
 Each trembling ray, delights to play,
 About its summit still.

The night bird sings within the vale,
 I've trod in happy years,
 Ere yet the doom of sorrow's child
 Had stained my cheek with tears.

There's many a gem and jewel rare,
 That I may call my own;
 And costly robes and presents rich,
 Repay for freedom flown:
 But give me my Circassian home,
 Where those who love me dwell,
 I'll never, never seek to roam,
 Beyond my native dell.

There brothers fond, would welcome me,
 And sisters warmly greet,
 A father dear and mother's smile,
 My aching eyes would meet.
 But oh! ask not my heart to love,
 In this far stranger clime,
 Contentment here were surely base—
 Forgetfulness a crime.

SONG.

I'm thinking of the time, lassie,
The skies were bright above,
Ye said ye would be mine, lassie,
And vowed to me your love.
I was happy then, dear lassie,
I thought thou wert sincere,
I saw thy speaking eye, lassie,
Was melting in a tear.

'Twas in a month of spring, lassie,
How well I mind it now!
You gave me this bright ringlet, lass,
From o'er your spotless brow;
You told me 'twas a token, lass,
Though false were all beside,
As sure as shone the stars on high,
But I should call thee bride.

Though parent's frown should threat, lassie,
And sister cease to smile,
Though brothers strove from me, lassie,
Thy plighted faith to wile,
Though earth should all grow dark, lassie,
And ev'ry other change,
No fate should tear thee from me, lass,
No time thy love estrange.

The Spring time now has faded, lass,
 The Summer's bloom gone by,
 The last leaf of the Autumn, lass,
 I've seen in Winter die—
 No glance of love may cheer me, lass,
 No tear may fall for me—
 Fate now has done its worst, lassie,
 I've seen a change in thee.

As fades the pride of Spring, lassie,
 As flies the Summer's bloom,
 As Winter's snow-drifts make, lassie,
 For Autumn's leaf a tomb—
 So has each hope I cherished, lass,
 Fell wither'd—dead to me,
 For thy shameless falsehood, lassie,
 Has stripped the verdant tree.

The ardent love you plighted, lass,
 Thou hast forgotten now,
 Though still I keep the ringlet, lass,
 You gave me with thy vow,
 You may take them back again, lassie,
 The ringlet and the vow,
 They're valueless to me, lassie,
 From one as false as thou.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

A fond farewell, my Childhood's Home,
 In grief and tears I bid to thee,
 Farewell, each well remember'd friend,
 Whose smile shall beam no more for me!
 'The summer's sun will come again,
 And Spring will clothe the fields in bloom,
 But not for me will Nature robe
 The beauties of my Childhood's home.

Yon streamlet wand'ring through the mead,
 Where oft in boyhood's years I've played,
 Yon shady grove and lofty hill,
 Where village lover woos his maid—
 How beauteous now, ye seem to me,
 As from your well known scenes I part!
 Oh! round each Mem'ry hallowed spot
 Are twined the tendrils of my heart.

And thou farewell, whose maiden love,
 Has bound my bosom's hope to thee,
 Wher'ere my bark life's gales may blow,
 Still, still wilt thou be dear to me.
 But home again I'll yet return,
 A Pilgrim toil and weary worn,
 And in thy welcome smile forget
 Each anguish that my heart has torn.

ROSIN THE BOW.

The chill blasts of seventy winters,
 Have whiten'd my head as the snow,
 Yet full tides of life are still warming
 The heart of old Rosin the Bow.

Still over my spirit is stealing
 Remembrance of days long ago,
 Ere Time had imprinted his wrinkles,
 On brows of old Rosin the Bow.

There are moments when Memory's wand,
 Makes life's current more rapidly flow,
 As it pictures a dear cherished image
 To the fancy of Rosin the Bow.

Oh! she was as fair as the morning,
 As pure as the untarnished snow,
 And dear as is breath to the dying
 Was she to old Rosin the Bow.

I felt as if bound with a fetter
 That round my heart's tendrils did grow,
 For she seemed as a sweet guardian angel,
 To watch over Rosin the Bow.

I knew, when I made her my own,
 However life's tempests might blow,
 There still would be some one to gladden
 The heart of old Rosin the Bow.

But, alas! all Earth's pleasures are fleeting,
 Its allurements a treacherous show—
 Now cold in her grave, dark and cheerless,
 Sleeps her who loved Rosin the Bow.

Oh! pale are her lips now, and icy,
 Still the heart which no falsehood could know,
 Her eye of deep blue shall no longer,
 Beam kindly on Rosin the Bow.

O'er her grave when summer is blooming,
 A rose bush its fragrance will blow,
 Its bright leaves full often are moisten'd
 With tears of old Rosin the Bow.

But yet I am cheerful and happy,
 Contented wherever I go,
 For a hope that he'll meet her in Heaven,
 Still comforts old Rosin the Bow.

A STORY.



One time, when gayly flowrets spring,
 And tuneful birdlings cheerful sing,
 Cutting the air with lightsome wing:
 In merry mood
 I wander'd, thoughtless where I strayed,
 To yonder wood.

I watch'd the tender acts of love,
 That in the summer's peopled grove,
 The Latin Sages motto* prove—
 That Nature all,
 From insect up to lordly man,
 Owns Cupid's thrall.

While such the thoughts that through my brain,
 Were passing in a rattling train,
 Perhaps I, too, had worn the chain
 Of this same God—
 As while before some rustic maid
 My heart had bow'd.

I met a lass, whose graceful mien,
 Was such as ne'er before I'd seen;—

*Amor vincit, &c.

She seem'd like some bright fairy queen,
 Of cot romance,
 But less of Beauty's pride than love
 Was in her glance.

A band as white as driven snow,
 Confined the hair above her brow,
 Her gown upon her shoulders low,
 Bewitched I saw,
 Two heaps, as ivory white were they,
 So round! so braw!

But short the space my dazzled gaze,
 Upon her snowy bosom lays,
 Where sweetest sense of rapture plays,
 In ev'ry throb—
 The finish of her faultless limb,
 Its praises rob.

'Twas shaped as cast in Venus' mould,
 And smooth as Artist's polished gold,
 As seen beneath her garment's fold,
 I owned its grace,
 Could find its equal no where else,
 Than in her face.

Entranced, I doffed my cap full low,
 With awkward, but admiring bow,
 I beg'd her pleasure I might know,
 And stoutly swore,

And truly, too, no fairer lass
I'd seen before.

She coloured as the ripen'd rose,
When even's zephyr o'er it blows,
That blush!—what charms did it disclose!
It conquest made
Of my poor heart—and at her feet
Its owner laid.

“Young man,” said she, “I doubt me sore,
Ye scarce believe what now you've swore,
It were not meet to hear still more,
Such flat'ring vows—
We maidens well may doubt such tales,
Sure Heaven knows.”

“Nay, lassie, do not doubt my truth;
Thy maiden innocence and youth,
Would guard the 'gainst all harm, forsooth,
From honest hearts—
My curse on him, with such as thee,
Would try his arts!

“Though worldly gear so small be mine,
My love may not in jewels shine—
Yet, lassie, all is freely thine,
And I beside—
If thou'lt consent to go with me,
And be my bride.

"With ardent love I'll cheer thy days,
 Teach thee to sing our cottage lays,
 And warble forth thy beauty's praise,
 In rustic song—
 And bear thy share, with willing heart,
 Of earthly wrong."

I watched the tear drop struggling start,
 A stream from the o'erflowing heart.
 A tribute, which no guile or art,
 Could ever give,
 As circled in my arms she vowed
 For me to live.

The King is happy with his crown,
 The Churchman prideful wears his gown,
 But I, an unknown country clown,
 In lowly life,
 Am happier with my humble cot,
 And winsome wife.

As Knights of old, the bookmen say,
 Had each his lady bright and gay,
 His star by night, his sun by day—
 I yield my heart
 To her, unwon by Cunning's wile,
 Or Fashion's art.

SONG.

How dreary wears the gloomy night
 To him who weeps alone,
 And mourns the flowret of the heart,
 By Death untimely blown!
 The weary hours drag slowly on,
 Till sun-light comes again,
 For heavy move the wings of Time,
 When bound by Sorrow's chain.

There's some respite from pain to him,
 The victim of disease,
 For Suff'ring ever soothes its throes,
 When Pity's tear it sees—
 Kind Hope may not desert the wretch,
 Beneath the gallows-tree—
 But oh! there's neither joy or hope,
 Now left to comfort me!

All, all that gave to life a price,
 Has sadly passed away,
 And left my heart to ache by night
 And sorrow through the day.
 The lowly and sequester'd mound
 That marks my lost one's tomb,
 Contains my bosom's dearest rose,
 My flowret's withered bloom.

LASSIE WHO LIVES IN THE DELL.

I am wandering down by the rolling Ohio,
 Where coldly the waves in the winter wind play,
 With thoughts of my dear home my bosom is swelling,
 And the lassie that loves me far from me away;
 The stars in the blue sky, all brightly are shining,
 Reflecting their light on the dark curling surge,
 As it sings in the woodlands thro' which it is winding,
 To shades of old Chieftains its murmuring dirge.
 I hear its deep music—yet has it no spell,
 Like the voice of the lassie who lives in the dell.

She is fair as the morning among the spring flowrets,
 When sun-beams are glancing from jewels of dew,
 Her lip is as red as the tint on the cherry,
 Her hazel een tell that her bosom is true;
 And oh! I am lonely while far from my lassie,
 I pine for my own native village again,
 The home where my mother now longs for my coming,
 And harks for my footstep so often in vain.
 And my dear little lassie, I know it full well,
 Now wishes me back to her cottage and dell.

Flow on thou dark river, in all thy wild grandeur,
 As alone on thy banks I wearily pine,
 While the sadness of exile o'ershadows my spirit,
 I mourn for the joys which may never be mine:

But oh! if misfortune should cease to oppress me,
 Nor cast on my pathway its withering blight,
 The smiles of my kindred would once again bless me,
 And loves beaming welcome break sorrows long night;
 Then oh! with what rapture my bosom would thrill
 As I sought the sweet lassie who lives in the dell.



LINES ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FRIEND.



And is she dead? That little one,
 With mildly beaming eye!
 How sad that one so innocent,
 Should thus so early die!
 How very cold her hands are now!
 How pallid is her cheek!
 And words of gladness never more,
 Those ashy lips may speak.

I marked her when the dawn of life,
 Was breaking on her way,
 A child—too pure, too bright, I deem'd,
 To own pale Terror's sway.

Vain thought! for 'tis the beautiful,
 Death seeks to make his own,
 Ere yet the chilling breath of guile,
 Its blight has o'er them thrown.

I saw her when a stern disease,
 Was wearing life away,
 And watch'd her spirit struggling forth,
 From out its home of clay—
 As though it longed to poise its wing,
 Beyond all mortal ken,
 And never, never more to try
 The woe of life again.

But now beneath the verdant sod,
 A calm, sweet sleep she sleeps,
 And o'er her lowly resting place,
 The sky its night dew weeps.
 Aye, there we left her, all alone,
 Amid the kirk-yard's gloom;
 The budding hopes of parent hearts
 Are buried in her tomb.

SONG.

Oh! ask me not to sing that song,
Sweet though its strain may be,
And music dwells in ev'ry note,
Of its soft melody.
For 'tis the voice of Memory
That whispers in each tone,
To tell me I am friendless now,
All lonely and alone.

When'ere I sing that simple song,
Or listen to that lay,
I mind me of the thousand joys,
That time has swept away.
I think upon the gallant youth
Who won me for his bride,
And wish the hour were come at last,
To slumber by his side.

I think how often I have sung,
That self-same song to him,
Rewarded by the glance of love,
That's faded now and dim.
I know his ear no longer lists,
To catch each mournful tone,
And though I know that others hear,
Without him I'm alone.

Oh? 'tis a fearful agony,
 To sham the brow of joy.
 And feel each springing flower of life,
 Stern fate must soon destroy;
 Then oh! ask not that I should sing,
 That well remembered strain,
 'T would only add another sting,
 Where all is grief and pain.



ANSWER

TO "JOHN ANDERSON MY JO."

Aye, faith, ye've tauld the truth, Jean,
 We hae been blythe together,
 And a' that has been joy to ane,
 Was happiness to ither:
 We've journeyed peacefu' on, Jean,
 In harmony and love,
 As joyous as the birdie thrang,
 That haunts yon leafy grove.

Life's ev'ning shades are on us, Jean,
 Yet still our hearts are warm,
 As when in cantie youthful days,
 Each felt the lover's charm;

And ye're aye as dear to me, Jean,
 As when in passion's prime,
 We roamed by moorland, bank and burn,
 And pu'd the scented thyme.

It scarcely seems to me, Jean,
 That we are growing grey,
 Though, sure, it must be drawing near,
 The sun-set of our day—
 But though a happy Heaven, Jean,
 Will dawn upon us soon,
 Our Spirit-thoughts will often rove,
 The banks of bonnie Doon.



THE OLD MAN'S WISH.

Oh! sing that song once o'er again,
 Its spirit chords with mine,
 And wins my heart far back to scenes,
 In days of old lang syne:
 When youth was on this wrinkled brow,
 I basked in Love's sun-shine,
 And dreamed the dreams which hallow now,
 The days of old lang syne.

Oh? happy, happy was I then,
 For hope and home were mine,
 I did not know how sordid men,
 In days of old lang syne:
 When youth, &c.

I deemed this life one round of joy,
 Where love and friendship shine,
 I've learned how basely false are both
 Since days of old lang syne;
 When youth, &c.

I've seen each honied smile depart,
 Whose beaming welcom'd mine,
 And found each heart to have its price,
 Since days of old lang syne,
 When youth, &c.

But soon I hope to sleep beneath,
 Where creeping ivies twine,
 And cease to mourn for pleasures gone,
 With days of old lang syne.
 When youth, &c.

SERENADE .

Oh! meet me alone to-night, love,
 When stars their vigils keep,
 And we'll roam beneath their light, love,
 While all the world 's asleep:
 And none may see the blush, my love,
 That mantles on thy brow,
 As I tell how dear thou art, love,
 In passion's trembling vow.

The rill is sweetly flowing, love,
 And calm the moon-lit air,
 The meadow flowers are growing, love,
 Oh! let them charm thee there.
 There 's something in the stillness, love,
 Of summer's star-lit hour,
 That's sweeter than the roses, love,
 That bloom within your bower.

GIVE ME BACK MY FLUTE AGAIN!

Oh! give me back my flute again,
 I miss its soothing tone,
 The flute whose accents still were kind,
 Though all beside had flown;
 For it hath been a friend to me,
 Whom Fate could ne'er estrange,
 Though others left me in my need,
 It never knew to change.

Oft when my heart, in sadness wrapt,
 Had felt the lone one's pain,
 My flute has lured each cloud away,
 With sweet, heart touching strain.
 And with its mournful music oft,
 Its voice has o'er me roll'd,
 Till I forgot I aye had found,
 This life so lone and cold.

When dark'ling shades of even tide,
 Shall bend them o'er my way,
 I'll mourn thou art not with me then,
 To while their gloom away.
 I'll think how oft beneath thy spell,
 My soul, from sorrow's chain,
 Has bounded, in wild extacy,
 Then sank to grief again.

SONG.

When music's voice is breathing out,
Upon the joyous air,
And revelry is reigning midst,
The happy and the fair—
When at the shrine of pleasue, low
Is bending ev'ry knee,
I'll turn me from the dazzling throng,
And, dearest, think of thee.

I'll wear the ring you gave to me,
In token of your love,
Its charm will bear my heart to thee,
Wherever I may rove:
On foreign strand or Ocean's foam,
In dungeon-chains or free,
In ev'ry scene of weary life,
Still, still I'll think of thee.

When sorrow wraps my worldly way,
And gloom is on my brow,
When 'neath misfortune's blighting breath,
My wounded spirits bow,
One moment sweet of happiness,
Will yet be left for me,
For never while life's pulses beat,
I'll cease to think of thee.

THE CONSCRIPT'S FAREWELL.

To my own sunny land—the sweet land of my birth,
 To each valley, and streamlet, and dell,
 To each spot that is hallowed by Memory's power
 I am bidding a mournful farewell.

Though gay be its valleys, enchanting its scenes,
 Though its vine-yards are peaceful and fair,
 Oh! I sever from them with not half the regret,
 That I part from the cherished ones there.

I follow the flag of a Chieftain who leads
 His ranks to a Northern war;
 And his motto is "CONQUEST," though myriads bleed,
 And "DOMINION" his guiding star.

I must go and meet death wher'ere he may come,
 Though it be by the far Wolga's tide,
 For wherever the Eagle of France may fly,
 The Conscript must bleed by its side.

Hark! I hear the loud signal that bids me away,
 From each scene that is dear I must fly,
 To some field of the North, where mid battle and smoke
 I may wearily struggle and die.

But around them shall linger the last ray of thought,
 Where e're through this world I may roam,
 'Mid the changes of Time, and the wreck of my hopes
 I'll remember my childhood's home.



THE DYING LOVER.



Farewell, to the dearest—nor deem that the pang,
 Which is rending my frame in its terrible glee,
 Can steal for a moment a throb from the heart,
 Whose pulses have long since beat only for thee.

I am going where day, love, is endless and bright,
 And perfume ever floats on the ambient air,
 Oh! my spirit shall wearily pine for the hour,
 When with rapturous joy I will welcome thee there.

Then bend o'er me now, thou dearest of earth,
 And kiss my pale lips ere our parting is o'er,
 And I'll feel thy warm tear as it drops on my cheek,
 And long for the place where we'll sorrow no more.

When the light of my glance grows glassy and dim,
 And earth from my vision beginning to fade,
 Thy form shall still linger in sorrowing pride,
 Before their last glimmer, my beautiful maid.

When the sun-light of fortune shall beam on thy path,
 And thine eye shall be bright from its mourning again,
 When happiness cheers, and when lovers adore,
 Oh say wilt thou dearest remember me then.

SONG.

'Tis true your hair is glossy, lass,
 Your een are like the sloe,
 And crimson tints are on your cheek,
 Like rose leaves on the snow;
 But there ane I left behind me
 When I cam' ow'r the lea,
 Whose artless, leal, and trusting love,
 I would nae gie for thee.

What though a meikle dower ye hae,
 And ken the school-man's art,
 Ye yet may want the angel power,
 To win and soothe the heart.
 And though my lassie kens nae haet
 About your high-learnt names,
 Her modest grace I'd ne'er exchange,
 For a' your courtly dames.

I'd rather hear her slightest word,
 Than a' your music's tone,
 The music of her heart is best,
 Its notes are a' my own.
 Though mony a lengthen'd league there be,
 To part me frae her side,
 Oh! I will cross again the lea,
 And wed my bonnie bride.

ADDRESS TO DEATH.

Oh! thou whom mortals know as Death!
 Thou Cat'rer for man's fleeting breath—
 Say when will you, your weapon sheath,
 In mercy on us?
 Or are we doom'd to ever bear
 Thy curse upon us?

You have but small respect, I fear,
 For all ye find among us here;
 For rich or poor, in pain or cheer,
 To you's the same—
 You only mock the pageantry,
 Of wealth and fame.

The mother with her smiling child,
 While by its artless mirth beguiled,
 Screams, with pale horror painted wild,
 Upon her face,
 To find your dart, in her sweet babe,
 Hath found a place.

The dauntless soldier dares your arm,
 As while his blood leaps quick and warm,
 With brilliant hopes—with glory's charm,
 But all in vain—

The conqueror conquer'd, yields at last,
In mad'ning pain.

But oh! the wretch whose hist'ry shows,
Naught but a list of griefs and woes—
Whose virtues, e'en have been his foes,
You cannot grieve him—
Unless, indeed, of hope of thee,
You can bereave him.

Who 's weary with earth's care and toil,
Chagrined at each fond hope's rude foil,
Whose bosom's joy has been the spoil,
Of fortune debar—
Oh! think not he would meet thy stroke
With craven fear.

When on the young heart falls the blight,
Of hard misfortune's freezing night,
And Hope deserts his waning sight,
Oh! deem not, Death,
He'll tremble, as you breathe on him,
Your wilting breath.

Oh! but 'tis good to point to man,
His doom when this earth's race is ran,
No other fate Hope's eye may scan.
Who feels not shame,
To think how mean and small a thing,
Is human fame.

SONG.



How can I forget thee! though aye thou hast left me,
And Fate bids each hope of the future depart,
Still, still will thy voice's sweet music yet linger,
Far down in the echoless cells of my heart.

As the dew of the morning will brighten the rose,
And give to its freshness a lovelier glow,
Even so will the thought of my beautiful cheer me,
As warm as the sun-shine—as pure as the snow.

Oh! green is the sod that is swelling above thee,
And mould'ring the bosom that slumbers below,
Unknowing that flowrets are springing around thee,
Unheeding the soft winds that over thee blow!

THE EXILE'S DREAM.

The curtain of Night, fell all dark'ling and low,
 The mountains o'er cast, with their shadows, the plain,
 As the wanderer sought, in his sleep, to forget,
 That his doom was to never be happy again.

The Angel of Dreams on his eye-lids reclined,
 And painted with tints of the rain-bow his sky:
 Alas that the hopes of the wanderer's dream,
 Must fade with the dawning, in sun-light to die!

Fast came the sweet visions of earlier days,
 When his heart was untouch'd with the canker of woe;
 He mingled once more with the friends of his youth,
 And deemed from their dwellings he never would go.

He thought he was treading again the sweet vale,
 Where the maid of his bosom received him once more;
 As she wept on his neck, in his fulness of heart,
 He deemed that his exile forever was o'er.

She told him the love that was his, when away
 From her home he departed, so long, long ago,
 Was as ardent and true as the hour it was plighted,
 Nor change or forgetfulness ever could know.

Then the cheeks of the sleeper grew wet with a tear,
 As this scene on his lone heart so sweetly arose,
 He heeds not the fate which has destin'd him grief,
 Nor repines at the load of misfortune and woes.

As in fancy he press'd her dear form to his heart,
 And kiss'd the warm tear from her glistening een,
 O'er his features, in place of the cloud of despair,
 The playing of smiles of sweet rapture were seen.



A DIRGE.



As a mild star that beams in the tempest,
 To shed its sweet light on the sea,
 When darkly are heaving its surges,
 E'en so hast thou been unto me.
 When anguish this worn frame was wringing,
 Thy sweet voice has lull'd it to rest,
 And thy welcome ne'er failed to enliven
 The sadness that shadowed my breast.

A moment forgetfulness bound me,
 I dream'd a sweet day dream of joy,
 But reality came to awaken,
 And all its enchantment destroy.
 I turn'd me away, but the vision
 Of happiness, still will remain,
 Though a spell of such ecstasy never,
 Will lighten my spirit again.

The winter winds whistle around me;
 Cold, cold is their withering blast,
 As they sigh their low dirge for the Autumn,
 And sigh for the beauty that's past—
 Yet, the Spring-time will come with its blossoms,
 To clothe in its vesture the plain,
 And the birds will return with the summer,
 To make the woods vocal again.

But oh! the revolving of seasons,
 Can never restore thee to me,
 For the cold sods they've laid on thy bosom,
 Have hid thee forever from me.
 Oh! calm be thy sleep 'neath the wild rose,
 I'll plant, when the summer flowers bloom,
 And sweet be the dreams of thy slumbers,
 If visions e'er visit the tomb.

SONG.

A rose upon a slender stem,
 A fair yet fragile form,
 Oh! be it mine to bear for thee,
 The bitter, biting storm!
 When low'ring on the Heaven's brow,
 The tempest cloud is seen,
 And deep'ning thunders hoarsely roar,
 And lightnings flash between:

Not thine to face with fearless gaze
 The vengeance of the sky—
 Not thine may be the sterner fate,
 Its fury to defy.
 Oh no! when earthly ill hath brought
 Within thine eye a tear,
 Then rest thee on the bosom, love,
 Which ever held thee dear.

When ev'ry pulse shall cease to play,
 And love, itself, is dead,
 When from the still and icy heart,
 Each feeling shall have fled;
 Then will I cease to guard thee, love,
 With ardor leal and warm,
 From all that in our future lot,
 May threaten thee with harm.

THE ISRAELITE'S SONG.

Farewell to thee, Jerusalem!
 Farewell to Palestine!
 Where Abra'm knelt in reverence,
 Before Jehovah's shrine!
 Here dwelt once my ancestors,
 Here rose the Temple's dome,
 And here the God of battles made,
 His chosen race a home.

There's music in thy streamlets,
 To lull the soul to rest,
 There 's romance in each sacred spot,
 By Syrian footsteps prest;
 There's beauty in thy valleys,
 And on thy famous hills,
 And stories of their glorious days,
 With shame my bosom fills.

Shame! that our degenerate race,
 Should quail at Moslem frown;
 Shame! that a haughty Infidel,
 Should wear King David's crown;
 Aye, shame is now our heritage,
 Our virtue—to endure;
 And hatred is the debt we owe—
 Oh! be its payment sure.

Then haste the vengeful moment,
 From tyrant thralldom free,
 The Jew shall turn his weary feet,
 Jerusalem, to thee!
 When hurl'd shall be the crescent flag,
 From walls it now profanes,
 And songs of Freedom once again,
 Shall ring o'er Judah's plains.



A FRAGMENT.



List! list to the wind, sweeping wild round our dwelling,
 As it comes on the tempest, so fitfully swelling,
 And the crash of the thunder-bolt falling afar,
 As if Heaven were rent with the fury of war.
 All darkly the skies are fierce frowning to-night,
 Illum'd by the lightning's quick glimmering light;
 And the King of the Storms, through the trembling air,
 Proclaims that the God of the Christian is there.

CHILDE HAROLD'S DOOM.

Oh! are there none to love me?
 Am I desolate—alone—
 No heart to beat in unison,
 With throbbings of my own?
 And will the world be always cold,
 The breath be ever chill,
 That breathes on ev'ry flower of life,
 And touches but to kill.

The heart that aches to spend its wealth,
 Upon some cherished thing,
 To whom each thought of happiness,
 Is borne on Fancy's wing—
 Oh! who may tell the bitterness,
 That lonely heart may feel,
 When treachery shall change it,
 From trustingness to steel?

The agony of parted love,
 The heavy curse of fate,
 The sudden change from worshipping,
 To stern, relentless hate:
 These, these are but the lot of him,
 Whose heart hath been betrayed,
 And these the flowers that spring above,
 The grave where Love is laid.

THE PIRATE LOVER.

Wilt thou venture, my Inez,
 To voyage with me,
 Where the blue sea is rolling,
 All boundless and free?
 Wilt thou leave this sweet valley,
 Thy kindred and home,
 As the bride of a Rover,
 Far from them to roam?

My dark flag is flinging
 Its folds on the air,
 My canvass is spreading,
 All spotless and fair—
 Then come with me, Inez,
 Thou queen of my heart!
 Else joy from my bosom,
 Must ever depart.

A thousand fierce foemen,
 Now watch on the wave,
 They seek the bold rover,
 The free to enslave—
 I scoff at their vengeance,
 I'm lord of the sea,
 And the threat of their power,
 Has no terror for me.

When the Storm God is breathing,
 His wrath on the gale,
 And the strength of the tempest,
 Is swelling each sail—
 Secure in our love, dear,
 We'll laugh at the storm,
 And my light in its darkness,
 Shall still be thy form.

Should fortune desert me,
 Or traitors ensnare,
 I will die as the lion
 Who dies in his lair—
 One peal of my cannon,
 Shall boom o'er the deep,
 Then 'neath its wild surges,
 Together we'll sleep.

A. J. J.

The night is falling sweetly now,
 Upon the dewy lea,
 Then, maiden, haste with fairy step,
 To sport the eve with me;
 The flower we crush beneath our feet,
 Is not so sweet as thou,
 Thine eyes shall rival ev'ry star,
 That beams in Heaven now.

When folded on this friendly breast,
 What danger need'st thou fear?
 For should a sorrow wring thy heart,
 I'll kiss away the tear.
 The choicest blossoms of the field,
 I'll twine in wreathes for you,
 A fitting garland for a maid,
 So innocent and true.

May sadness never dim the glance,
 Now sparkling bright with joy,
 May Time in his unchecked career,
 No hope of thine destroy.
 But ever round thy gentle heart,
 May love's pure light be shed,
 And many a long and happy year,
 Roll softly o'er thy head.

THE RINGLET.



Nay, take back this ringlet, you gave as a token,
 That true to your vow you would ever remain,
 The faith, that made sacred that ringlet, is broken,
 And now I am free, and all friendless again.

I do not upbraid thee, thou false one, in anger,
 For the wreck of my hopes, in thy perjury's shame,
 For the woe of a heart that in joy or in danger,
 Would show that in smiles or in tears 'twas the same.

I ask thee no tears of compassion or sadness,
 To shed on the grave where fond feelings are laid,
 The soul that thy baseness hath tortur'd to madness,
 Would spurn at the off'ring thy treachery made.

Go, go! may the sorrow ne'er darken around thee,
 You brought upon him who but liv'd in thy smile,
 I have sever'd the chain of thy beauty, that bound me,
 And found, 'neath its witchery, falsehood and guile.

MY MARY.



Oh! bright is the river that flows by her home,
And fair are the banks that are washed by its foam,
And sweet are the flowers on its margin that bloom,
As wide o'er the woodlands, winds waft their perfume.

How oft o'er its bosom in joy does she rove,
The clear wave beneath her, the blue sky above,
While music's glad voice on the evening air,
Tells forest and streamlet my Mary is there.

Though blythe be the notes of the birds of the spring,
As among the green branches they merrily sing,
I'd care not their melody ever to hear,
While the voice of my Mary might gladden my ear.

May sadness ne'er shadow that spirit of thine,
But around thy life's pathway may joy ever shine;
May Heaven's arm shield thee from villany's art,
Till the sun of thy life shall all cloudless depart.

SONG.*

There 's a music that sounds on the strings of my heart,
With a thrill that nought else in this earth can impart:

'Tis the voice of my lassie, my own little lassie,
The lassie I love.

Oh! brown are the tresses that hang o'er the brow,
That is smooth as the marble, as white as the snow,
Of my dear little lassie, &c.

So light is her step, 'tis the grace of the fawn,
And the glance of her eye is a ray of the dawn,
So fair is my lassie, &c.

There are round me the forms of the fair and the gay,
But my heart is not here—oh! no 'tis away,
With my own little lassie, &c.

Now soon, while my heart for our meeting will yearn,
To the home of my lassie I'll hope to return,
And wed my sweet lassie, &c.

*The use in this song, and in several preceding ones, of one or two words, familiar to every reader of Scottish poetry, will, it is hoped, find a sufficient apology in the fact, that they are as generally understood, and are much better adapted to Songs than their English synonyms.

SONG.

How vainly shown the city's pomp,
 When distance kept me from her side,
 For naught in Fashion's glare could lure,
 My bosom from my destin'd bride:
 I watch'd Ambition's blazing star,
 And sought to guide me with its beam,
 Not for myself—oh! 'twas for her,
 The queen of ev'ry golden dream.

How slowly wing'd each hour away,
 How lengthen'd seem'd each weary mile,
 When hast'ning to her peaceful home,
 To sun me in her welcome smile!
 Oh! how my heart with gladness thrill'd,
 When scenes of early love I gained—
 One moment more, her worship'd form
 Would to my throbbing breast be strain'd!

But oh! hard Fate's unsparing grasp,
 Had torn that angel form from me;
 But, lost one, in my soul's recess,
 Is still a living home for thee.
 I wander through the waste of life,
 A mourner for thine image fled,
 For ev'ry ray of Hope's sun-light
 Has with thy smile forever sped.

There is no sacred tie on earth,
 To bind me to this weary life,
 Alas! no joy is left for me,
 Lone witness of my bosom's strife.
 I gaze on beauty's wiling glance,
 Yet feel no rapture in its beam,
 For thou art still, though gone for aye,
 O'er soul and passion all supreme.



L A M E N T OF A WIDOW FOR HER CHILD.

I am lonely—very lonely—
 For my poor babe is dead;
 The light that lit my heart with love,
 Has now forever fled—
 For they laid it in the damp grave,
 Not many days ago,
 And left me in my widowhood,
 To loneliness and woe.

I am lonely—very lonely—
 I miss its artless talk—
 The gay and childish playfulness,
 That cheered my ev'ning walk;

My home seems now so desolate,
 Its quietness is grief—
 Alas! that all that 's fair on earth,
 Has stay in life so brief.

I am lonely—very lonely—
 Whene're I try to rest,
 I miss its soft and silken curls
 Laid lightly on my breast,
 And when from sorrow's sleeping,
 To light and woe I wake,
 No feeble beam of hope for me,
 May with the morning break.

I am lonely—very lonely—
 For it was all to me;
 The shrine of ev'ry feeling,
 Of love's idolatry:
 For oh! it was so very like,
 My lost, my girl-hood's love,
 That all of happiness for me
 Around my infant clove.

MECHANIC'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

Oh! thou who tuned the Caledonian lyre,
 To sing the romance of a Peasant's life,
 The homely comfort of a cottage fire,
 The rustic graces of a cottage wife—
 Couldst thou have look'd upon the group beside
 The friendly blaze of our Mechanic's hearth,
 Thou wouldst have own'd, despite thy Scottish pride,
 "This scene is equal'd no where else on earth!"

When Sol has cast his latest golden ray,
 To tinge in fading splendours western hills,
 His beams now through the tangled thickets stray,
 Now dance upon the ripple of the rills,
 He, homeward from his cheerful labor speeds,
 The hardy tenant of our shops and fields,
 Who, whiles his helpless offspring, haply, feeds,
 Whiles the strong sceptre of a "*sovereign*" wields.

No clouds, ill-brooding, sit upon his brow,
 The baleful shadow of a tyrant's wrong—
 No fear of despot he 's been taught to know,
 Nor dreams how MEN can ere to KINGS belong;
 With heart that bounds in honest pride, he treads
 A conscious noble of his native land—
 Prompt with his aid, when ere his country needs
 His voice in council, or in war his brand.

At length he reaches to the sacred place,
 Where social feelings hallow ev'ry thought;
 His wife, with welcome beaming in her face,
 Whose love no shining lucre could have bought,
 Receives him there—forth laughing children hie,
 Ambitious each to welcome him "*to home,*"
 Who with a father's sparkling, playful eye,
 Greets with a kiss each urchin—as they come.

Now soon around the board the group are seen,
 Discussing supper and the daily news—
 Whose to be married—haply who hath been,
 Who fortune wins, or who her smiles will lose;
 Perchance the matron has some merry tale,
 Which show'd precocious talent in "*the child*"—
 Stories, whose zest to mothers never fail—
 Thus is the tedium of their meal beguiled.

The table cleared—the "supper things put by,"
 Each youngster seated in the proper *jams*,
 Watching their *Dad*, with awed, expectant eye,
 As o'er the *News* he vents indignant d——ns—
 Vexed at "*bad times*," (that evil of these days)
 Invokes perdition on the "*swindling banks*,"
 And swears "*the people's voice*" no longer rules,
 While they're allowed to cut such dev'lish pranks.

When fully read is ev'ry pregnant line,
 Whose heading promises "*important news*,"

He'll to his spouse his "*principles*" define,
 And tell her what are his "*peculiar views.*"
 While thus engaged, some man of snowy hair,
 Survivor of the "*old war's*" famous bands,
 "*Drops in to see them,*" while the huge arm-chair,
 The husband, with respectful greeting, hands.

Then silent all the kindred group remain,
 While the old soldier tells some thrilling tale,
 How he hath seen, upon the trampled plain,
 The ghastly dead, and heard the wounded's wail.
 While thus the patriot his legend tells,
 He fights again—beholds his foeman die—
 His bosom with its warlike tumult swells,
 And battle flashes from his aged eye.

The tale concluded—all express their thanks
 For the high pleasure his narration gave,
 The war-worn relic of the Buck-skin ranks,
 Dreams he 's still striving with the sleeping brave.
 The wife and husband now must yield their share,
 To gild the moments of the passing night,
 With lay of love about some lady fair,
 Or border song of some old Indian fight.

'Tis ten o'clock—the veteran prepares
 From 'neath the hospitable roof to go—
 But no! he must "*take something*" to destroy his cares
 And give his spirit a more youthful flow:

The portly bottle on the table stands—

Who ever its temptation could resist?—

The wife makes haste with glasses in her hands,

The husband on his drinking *must* insist.

Then, while their bosoms feel an honest glow,

Of friendship and good will for all mankind—

The one to Death's dark valley totters low,

The other, health and love, life's fetters, bind,

To friends, to kindred, to the "rights of man,"

To statesmen, soldiers, patriots, a host—

To ev'ry pretty girl, and honest man,

They drink in "*good old rye*" th' inspiring toast.

OCEOLA:

AN

AMERICAN POEM.

IN THREE PARTS.

PREFACE.

The heroic defence of the Seminoles against our armies, during the last few years, was such as to elicit the admiration of all who watched the progress of this, their last struggle for the heritage of their ancestors. Their undaunted courage, their devoted patriotism, and the fortitude with which they have endured the sufferings incident to the protracted war in which they are engaged, have won for them the respect of all who can appreciate these noblest virtues of our race: nor are his feelings to be envied, who can unmoved witness the despairing struggles for national existence, of a brave, though a savage people.

Although the history of the Aboriginal tribes affords many instances of Poetical interest, but few of the children of song have ever trolled a lay to the stories of Indian fame. Their name, as a people, will soon be known only in tales of the past, and it becomes our duty—who have made desolate their homes, and blotted their race from earth—to perpetuate the story of their wrongs, their heroism, and their misfortunes. To do justice to the character of the celebrated individual who was literally the hero of the Seminole war, I have written the following poem; and if I have succeeded in exciting one pulse of generous sympathy for the fate of this unlettered Leonidas, I shall be amply rewarded.

PART I.



THE LOVERS.



'Twas in the land, beneath whose burning ray,
 The Savage warrior wages hopeless war,
 And waits his nation's slow, yet sure, decay,
 The fated fiat of his destin'd star;
 Where now his wigwams, blazing far and wide,
 Illume the darkness of the starless night,
 And Chieftains' hearts, with all their haughty pride,
 Are sickened at the hope destroying sight:

A famous Chief, whose warlike deeds had won,
 Though young, a seat beside the council fire,
 Sought the impending doom, by war to shun,
 Ere yet their last, faint lights of Hope expire.
 Long, long had OCEOLA marked the wrong
 His people suffer'd from their cruel foe,
 Pining to sing his fierce defiance song,
 And leave for sterner game, the timid roe.

At length by injuries unnumber'd roused,
 The tribe resolved to make one struggle more,
 Each brave the patriot cause espoused,
 To, if 't were needful, seal it with his gore.
 The old men spoke proud words of cheering then,
 Urging the young to deeds of valor high,
 To tinge with blood each sweet sequester'd glen,
 Or if o'erpowered, to still unyielding die.

'Twas late one night, when brightly shone the skies,
 The young Chief hasten'd, when the council o'er,
 To where, well screened from all obtrusive eyes,
 He met his WENTHA, by the streamlet's shore.
 All trace of graver thought had pass'd away
 From off his ample, but still youthful brow,
 As though he deemed it greater deed to pay,
 To LOVE's, than PATRIOT's shrine his vow.

For though in chase, or in the strife of war,
 No braver heart than Oceola's beat,
 Yet still, this maiden was the beauteous star,
 That lit through life, his venturous feet.
 With rapid pace he sought the well-known spot,
 Appointed for their meeting on each night;
 The spot where lovers meet! 'tis ne'er forgot,
 While Memory's lamp will shed its trembling light!

The daughter of an aged Chieftain she,
 The very picture of a forest maid,

With eye dark, speaking, 'neath her polished bree,
 And long black hair, and light but stately tread.
 Ere yet to Oceola's gaze the light
 Revealed the idol that his heart adored,
 He heard her voice upon the stilly night,
 As thus her spirit in her song she poured:

SONG OF THE INDIAN MAID.

Oh! where art thou, my dark-browed Chief?
 Thy lover waits for thee,
 What is the cause that thus to-night,
 Doth win thy smile from me?
 I've watched the ev'ning star decay,
 But still thou camest not;
 Oh! can it be thy ardent vow,
 Thou hast so soon forgot?

How slowly pass the lonely hours,
 When parted from my Chief!
 But when I'm to his bosom prest,
 They seem as moments brief.
 He said he would be here to-night,
 And wherefore doth he stay!
 Oh! haste my noble, dark-browed Chief,
 Thy lover calls away!

The stars are shining bright above,
 The grass is soft beneath,
 And gently wave the lofty trees,
 In Heaven's balmy breath;
 Such is the hour for those who love,
 To sport in joy as free—
 Then haste, oh! haste, my dark-browed Chief,
 Thy lover waits for thee!

But scarce the strain had sweetly died away,
 When, folded closely on her lover's breast,
 She sought, in Nature's fondness, to repay,
 The kiss upon her lip so warmly prest.
 For many minutes neither spoke their thought,
 While each received the others soft caress,
 But in the rapture of the hour forgot
 Each doubt could trouble, or each woe distress.

Oh! if the long and weary way of life,
 Can boast one moment of supreme delight,
 If in the round of human guile and strife,
 Exists one moment of enjoyment's height—
 'Tis when we hear assurances of love
 From those we worship in our inmost soul;
 It were as though the gates of Heaven move,
 And waves of bliss, in deluge o'er us roll.

While yet she lay encircled in his arms,
 As beauteous as the Moslem's Houri queen,

His eye, yet lingering o'er her thousand charms,
 Still finding others hitherto unseen.
 The Chieftain knew his iron heart to melt,
 Subdued its fire with softer flame to glow;
 Before the spell of Beauty then he felt,
 E'en warrior spirits learn to bend them low.

"Know'st thou, my maiden," when at last he spoke,
 "That from thy arms I soon must turn away;
 The storm of war hath o'er our valleys broke,
 And called the warrior to the bloody fray.
 Already from the distant, hostile North,
 The pale-face legions, threat'ning vengeance, come
 To spread dark ruin and destruction forth,
 And wake our echoes with the sounding drum.

"I go but to defend our peaceful homes,
 And shield thee from the dread of war's alarms,
 And when fair Peace, 'neath Glory's mantle comes,
 Soon I'll return to revel in thy charms!"
 He ceased, and on the maiden's cheek the while,
 The warm tear trembling and unbidden stole,
 But yet, he saw 'twas gilded with a smile,
 As o'er her features, bright, he watched it roll.

"And does my lover deem that I'll repine,
 Because my country from my bosom tears,
 The idol that my heart delights to shrine,
 Upon the altar of sit purest prayers?

Nay, go! and when thou shalt return again,
 Crushed by Misfortune or bedecked by Fame,
 Oh! know whatever be thy fate, that then,
 Thoul't find thy Wentha still to thee the same!"

The morning sun had well nigh seen the kiss,
 The Chieftain on her lips so fondly prest,
 Ere hast'ning from the scene of love and bliss,
 Among his people shown his waving crest—
 Prepared to lead a painted, savage band,
 To meet the foemen of his race and name,
 Defend his birth-right to his native land,
 And shield her valleys from the spoiler's shame.

PART II.



THE AMBUSCADE.



Scarce had the sun-light kissed the eastern sky,
 And lit the spot where Ocoila lay,
 Watching, with keen and all observant eye,
 What might reveal the dawning of the day.
 A thick set grove of stunted bushes rose
 Before his silent and well covered line,
 Concealing from his soon expected foes,
 Of savage ambush every warning sign.

'Twas not the half of warrior's rifle shot
 From thence to where the stream's dark torrent rol'd;
 Between, a bare and unprotected spot,
 Left for the enemy a slaughter fold—
 For there, in vain, they might have sought defence
 To shield them from their hidden wily foe,
 Nor left a chance for safe escape from thence
 Beyond the river's strong resistless flow.

For hours had Ocela watched in vain,
 Impatient for the tardy foe's advance,
 Longing to see, upon the vacant plain,
 The sun-beams from their hostile banners glance.
 At length the watchful scouts return, to tell
 That soon the pale-face legions would be seen—
 Unthinking that ere dimly twilight fell
 Their blood should stain the turf's unfaded green.

Ere yet the anxious warrior's eyes had caught,
 The gleaming of the bayonet afar,
 Or to their ears the morning breezes brought,
 The rumbling of their heavy cannon's car,
 Obedient to his mandate came the Chiefs,
 Around their leader eagerly they press,
 While Ocela told their wrongs and griefs,
 In brief, but heart-felt, patriot address:

“Chiefs of a tribe who scarcely now may claim
 The hunting grounds on which your fathers chased;
 Who live but in possession of the name
 Those fathers left us, when their suns had past—
 Chiefs, who inherit all the generous fire,
 That nerved each sleeper in their forest grave,
 Ye, who can feel, at countless wrongs, the ire
 Which only animates the bosoms of the brave:—

“To you, 'tis now that Ocela speaks,
 To point you to the vengeance well your due,

And tell, till shame shall mantle on your cheeks,
 The deeds the pale face may unpunished do.
 Beats there a pulse, with such dull, lifeless throb,
 Within one Chieftain of our warlike race,
 Which plays not faster at the threat to rob
 Our people of their fathers' burial place?

"Is there a heart within our wild domain,
 So dead to all that wins proud Honor's meed,
 That does not bound, while they its soil profane,
 With pride indignant at the reckless deed;
 None! Shame if there were one soul so basely low,
 As not to turn with fierce, resentful rage,
 And strike the willing and destroying blow,
 On those who thus our rights and law outrage.

"See! yonder now they come, in proud array,
 The haughty plund'ers of our native land;
 To burn our hamlets, and our warriors slay,
 And light our vales with Rapine's blazing brand.
 Shall one of all that glitt'ring, cruel host,
 Escape to tell the story of this day?
 Shall one survive this struggle's heat to boast,
 No scalp-knife found him in the bloody fray?

"No! Let not one base hireling look again,
 Upon yon sun now burning in the sky;
 But let our hatchets crash through plume and brain,
 And in his blood let each invader lie.

For all that makes your freedom more than name,
 For all that can excite your warlike pride,
 For ev'ry hope of honor, homes and fame,
 Strike now the foe whose might you have defied!"

Across the stream, nor dreaming of the doom,
 To which they hurried, now the soldiers came,
 To plunge within the tangled glade, whose gloom
 Would soon be lighted with the rifle's flame.
 No sound was heard within the savage lair,
 In token that fierce warfare was so near,
 Until each foeman, without thought or care,
 Had placed the river's current in the rear.

Then, as the word from Ocoola past,
 Broke from each bush a volley bearing death—
 Terrific as Sahara's desert blast,
 It broke, with vengeance on its fiery breath!
 Uprose a shriek of wild and fierce despair,
 As men, whose hope of life hath darkly fled,
 Are wont to give—while groaned the trembling air
 With moanings from the wounded's smoking bed.

The cry for mercy was unheeded then,
 And courage saw no other fate but death;
 The bearing high of well disciplined men
 Had left them on that lonely fatal heath;
 Their leader falls—the Savage yells resound,
 As heaps on heaps the butcher'd soldiers lay—

While o'er the trampled and ensanguined ground,
 Red Slaughter holds her undisputed sway.

Full well the furious Seminole fulfilled
 His savage Chieftain's pitiless command,
 For not a foeman left that fatal field,
 Untouched by bullet, or unhurt by brand.
 When the last pale-face gasped his parting sigh,
 And at the side of some exultant brave
 Was hung the reeking scalp-knot—then the cry
 Of vengeance gratified, they fiercely gave.

And as their shout re-echoed through the brake,
 Each rock and tree returning it again,
 Its meaning well the listener might take—
 The prayer for mercy, made to them, was vain.
 It spoke the wrongs, the bitterness of woe,
 They had so long impatiently endured,
 And told how torrents more of blood must flow,
 Ere yet the canker of their wounds were cured.

PART III.



THE DUNGEON.



A princely captive in a dugeon lay—
 And pride, and care, and woe were on his brow,
 And in his heart—wearing its strength away,
 Until beneath their load his heart should bow.
 His long hair fell in careless, raven fold
 About his swarthy neck and heaving chest;
 His eagle eye, dark flashing restless rolled,
 As if to seek some spot to be at rest.

Reclining on his couch of thin spread straw,
 His head supported on a woman's knee,
 Who wiped betimes the death damp from his brow,
 Who scorned a life, Fate made no longer free;
 And oft the weary captive turned his eye,
 Beaming with gratitude and deathless love,
 Whene'er her deep and partly smothered sigh
 The anguish of her faithful heart would prove.

There were no others round him there—

The haughty warriors he had led to strife,
 Were not with him, his prison's gloom to share,
 Nor friend came near him—save his gentle wife,
 To soothe the pangs of Nature's slow decay,
 To whisper hopes of better, happier lands,
 And wipe the sweat of agony away,
 As from the glass of life escaped the sands.

The Drama now had reached its final page,
 And ere the curtain o'er the play should fall,
 The great Tragedian of the Savage stage,
 Would cast aside a mortal's earthy thrall.
 What visions of departed hopes must then
 Have flitted past the dying Chieftain's mind?
 What agony to feel—these hopes were vain!
 A dungeon's walls Hope's horizon confined.

From home, from kindred, through the foeman's land
 Had Wentha followed her imprison'd lord,
 To soothe him with a wife's instructed hand,
 And share the fortunes she with tears deplored;
 The ranks of hostile men, the city's throng,
 And all that could her woman's purpose melt,
 Could not o'ermaster that devotion strong,
 Which for her husband in his chains she felt.

Oh! there is nothing in this wide, cold world,
 So pure, so lasting as dear woman's love!

Though ensigns of each youthful hope be furled,
 And dreams of future bliss should baseless prove,
 Though ev'ry other charm that sweetens life,
 Would prove unreal, and in tears depart,
 Oh! never 'midst the war of earthly strife,
 Shall fade love's sun-light from her gentle heart.

While from the Chieftain's glances proud,
 Was fading all that then could meet his gaze,
 And round his brow was gath'ring fast the cloud
 Which wraps the dying hour in misty haze,
 To her on whom his aching head reclined,
 The weeping object of his youthful choice,
 As slow his waning sun of life declined,
 Thus spoke his gentle, and still deep-toned voice:

"Wife of the fallen! well hast thou repaid,
 The debt of love which only wives can owe,
 Well hast thou kept the vows which, yet a maid,
 You gave to him who well thy truth may know—
 But now the gleaming of life's latest ray,
 Is settling o'er my weary and entangled path,
 And soon my spirit, fetterless from clay,
 Shall 'scape the white-man's cruelty and wrath.

"I leave behind no record of the power
 Which once I wielded—which by right was mine,
 I pass as fades in night the twilight hour,
 And never more my ill-doomed star may shine.

But while the earth grows still and dark to me,
 And toothless all my foemen's bitter wrong,
 While flies my spirit from the earth—from thee—
 Oh! be it borne upon the wing of song!"

'The wife look'd fondly through the flood of tears,
 That fell upon her husband's dusky brow,
 And wept the thousand wringing woes and fears,
 Had been the dowry of her bridal vow.
 Oh! what was now the pomp of earth to her,
 Its wealth, its grandeur, and its fame beside,
 As thus with mournful and soft trembling tone,
 She with the Chieftain's dying wish complied:

DIRGE FOR OCEOLA.

Through the wide spreading forest
 See! sun-light is dying!
 And night will soon curtain its glories in gloom
 Mid the murmuring branches
 The South wind is sighing,
 As it comes from the Islands where Oranges bloom.

Dark silence now covers
 The graves of our sires,
 And sternly their spirits look down from the skies,
 As are fading in midnight
 The Seminole's fires,
 And the last of his Chieftains by treachery dies..

They remember the time
 When no foe on the trail,
 Escaped from our braves, in the red paint of war,
 For the hearts of our foemen
 Grew timid and pale,
 When our nation's loud war-whoop re-echoed afar.

And now they are waiting
 To bear him away,
 The warrior who never gave ground to the foe,
 Who was foremost in council,
 And bravest in fray,
 The truest of heart, and the strongest of blow.

In the land where his fathers
 Now rest from their toil,
 Shall my Chieftain a welcome and hunting-ground find,
 Where no haughty invader,
 Shall come to despoil,
 Nor his limbs the strong fetters of tyranny bind.

Though the nation whose hamlets
 His arm hath defended,
 Will vanish as fades all that 's earthly away,
 When their arrows are broken,
 Their helpless unfriended,
 His fame shall still live, 'mid his people's decay.

A startling, loud, and agonizing cry,
 Rang wildly through the prison's gloomy halls,

And frightened guardsmen to their captive fly,
 As this last war-shout on their watching calls.
 With that last strength, which oft in dying men
 Surprises us with Nature's parting throe,
 The Chieftain glared upon his jailors then,
 With arm upraised to hurl the hatchet's blow.

Alas! no tom-hawk grasped his clenching hand,
 Nor cut its vengeful pathway through the air,
 And at his side no bright, well-proven brand,
 Could cleave the foemen who were round him there.
 But yet, the daring spirit which had nerved
 His arm, in many a bloody strife before,
 Not e'en in death from its stern purpose swerved,
 But thirsted still to drink the white man's gore.

No other sound the livid lips escaped
 Save that one fearful dying cry of hate,
 But madly o'er his head his arm he swept,
 As if to hurl defiance at his fate:
 A moment more he sank exhausted down,
 Upon the woman's bosom lay his head;
 While on his brow there came a haughty frown,
 His form but trembled—and his soul hath fled.

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